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HYMNS.

BY THE LATE

REV. OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHOM,

OF

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor, depending upon the judgment of his literary acquaintance, presents to the public this small collection of hymns, the pious effusions of a deceased friend, whose character was once dear to his auditors, as a minister, and as a man. That they breathe the genuine spirit of piety and benevolence, that they display a mind fervid in professional duty, will not, most probably, be denied; and whatever be their poetical merit, should they call forth the tear of contrition, or of gratitude, add energy to the woundings of repentance, or the feelings of devotion, their Author will not have written in vain, nor shall their Editor fail of his reward.

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HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN I.

PRAISING GOD THROUGH OUR EXISTENCE. Ps. cxlvi. 2.

I.

YES, I will blefs thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

II.

In ev'ry smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines mine earthly blifs,
And doubles all my joy.

III.

When gloomy care, and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

IV.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active pow'rs,
Shall spread thy praise abroad,

V.

Not death itself shall stop my song,
Tho' death will close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

VI.

How will my happy spirit mount,
Confin'd in flesh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds,
In countless ranks, adore.

VII.

There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day..

HYMN II.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER. 2 Chron. i. 7—12.

I.

HARK! 'tis your heav'nly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall;
"Ask and receive, my Sons," he cries,
With loving heart and melting eyes.

II.

Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I come to seek my Father's face;
Nor will he turn his ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray,

III.

I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour;
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

IV.

I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn, or oil, or richest wine:
If those are sent, I'll praise thy name—
Withheld, I'll still thy grace proclaim.

V.

One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:

VI.

Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.

VII.

Then, shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN III.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE. Rom. xii. 1.

I.

Now let our souls with joy record
The grace and goodness of the Lord;
His mercies ev'ry tongue repeat,
How constant, various, and how great.

II.

'Twas he, that rear'd this earthly frame;
From him, our nobler spirit came,
And life, and breath, and all things prove,
His pow'r, his wisdom, and his love.

III.

His love provides my daily bread,
Delights my heart, and shields my head,
Shines in the darkest shades of night,
Returns with ev'ry morning light.

IV.

But in the gospel's heav'nly lines,
Diviner grace and mercy shines ;
There Jesus shews my sins forgiv'n,
And leads my wand'ring feet to heav'n.

V.

Great God ! accept my grateful song,
Thy grace shall still employ my tongue :
My heart shall feel the sacred flame,
And all my pow'rs shall bless thy name.

VI.

A living victim at thy shrine,
My soul and body I resign ;
Holy let all my passions be,
And ev'ry motion tend to thee.

VII.

Thus, will I blefs thee all my days:
Teach me in death to fing thy praise,
And let eternity prolong
Thy facred honours, and my song.

HYMN IV.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE. Acts, xxiv. 16.

I.

SWEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest!
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears controul,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

II.

Come, smiling Hope, and Joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor Sin compel you to depart.

III.

Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O, make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

IV.

Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,
See Death, with all his terrors, near;
My heart should then in Death rejoice,
And raptures tune my falt'ring voice,

V.

Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball,
Ev'n then, my soul, without dismay,
The mighty ruin would survey.

VI.

Yes, for beyond these lower skies
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where Peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

HYMN V.

ON A NEW YEAR.

I.

GOD of our life ! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound,
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

II.

To thee, shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

III.

In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

B

IV.

Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

V.

O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free,
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to thee.

VI.

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

VII.

This year, perhaps, the hand of Death
May snatch my soul away;
That awful hand may stop my breath
Before the opening day.

VIII.

Father in heav'n, thy will be done,
I chearfully resign;
Make me in life, in death, thine own;
This year, for ever thine.

HYMN VI.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FEAST. John, iv. 32.

I.

ADIEU to all my fond pursuits,
Ye vain delights adieu!
My heart to nobler blifs aspires,
And better joys than you.

II.

Not all the sweets of earth and sense
Can please th' immortal mind;
Delusive sweets! that mock our taste,
And leave a sting behind.

III.

Author of life, and endless joy,
To thee, to thee I come;
Thou art the centre of my heart,
My portion and my home.

IV.

Give me to taste that sacred food
Thy favour'd children eat;
Not earth, with all its stores, can yield
Such soul-refreshing meat.

V.

Let sweet devotion be my feast;
O teach my heart to pray;
With thee, to hail the morning light,
With thee, to end the day.

VI.

Let faith, and zeal, and ardent love,
Still bear me on their wings,
And smiling hope still lift the heart
Above terrestrial things.

VII.

Away, vain world!—my strong desires
To nobler mansions rise,
Where streams of pure delight abound,
And pleasure never dies.

HYMN VII.

THE SECOND APPEARING OF CHRIST. 2 Thes. i. 10.

I.

COME, Saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
To him, your grateful tribute bring,
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps and sing.

II.

Sing, how he left the heav'nly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd and labour'd, wept and died.

III.

Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar:
See, where the great Redeemer reigns;
And all the host of heaven adore.

IV.

Again he comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud;
And angels shout his high renown.

V.

From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The faints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

VI.

Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph, are complete;
To thee the ransom'd myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.

VII.

O could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honours of that day,
Then, let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

HYMN VIII.

BEHOLDING TRANSGRESSORS WITH GRIEF.

Luke, xix. 41—42.

I.

UNHAPPY city! hadst thou known,
Then were thy peace secure;
But now the day of grace is gone,
And thy destruction sure.

II.

Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls,
As near their gates he stood,
His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.

III.

And can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and died for me?

IV.

Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

V.

But vain will all my sorrows prove,
And what avails my pain!
O, let thy gentle bowels move,
They cannot move in vain.

VI.

Here, may thy love and grace abound,
And in each house appear;
Let no pollution here be found,
Nor one transgressor there.

VII.

Then shall we bid our griefs adieu,
Our tears shall then be dry,
And soon thy praises we'll renew,
In happier realms on high.

HYMN IX.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY. Eccl. viii. 14.

I.

FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
My Father and my God,
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

II.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys :
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise!

III.

In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

IV.

In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see:
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

VI.

In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

VII.

Then, should I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN X.

THE WATCHFUL SERVANT. Luke, xii. 38 & 39.

I.

AWAKE, awake, my sluggish Soul,
Awake, and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
E'er half the task of life is done.

II.

Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound;
O let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

III.

Soon will he close thy drowsy eyes,
Nor shalt thou hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty judge approach,
E'en now he stands before thy door.

IV.

To day attend his gracious voice;
This is the summons that he sends:
“Awake, for on this transient hour
“Thy long eternity depends.”

V.

Blest Jesus! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to my view:
Teach me to gird my loins about,
And trim my dying lamp anew:

VI.

Then, when the King of Terror comes,
My soul will hail the happy day:
Then come, my Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay.

HYMN XI.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

I.

To thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
A lofty song I'll raise;
While love inspires my glowing heart,
And forms my lips to praise.

II.

Worthy for ever is the lamb
That took my sins away:
But, O what tribute can I give,
What equal honours pay!

III.

Millions of saints thy grace proclaim,
In nobler strains, above;
But not an angel's tongue can tell
The wonders of thy love.

IV.

Blest seraphs sing thy matchless love,
And shout thy high renown;
Archangels, at thy sacred feet,
Lay their bright glories down.

V.

Reign, mighty Prince! for ever reign,
Till Death himself be dead,
And let eternal ages show'r
Their blessings on thy head.

VI.

Thus will I sing, till nature fails,
Till sense and language die;
And then resume the pleasing theme,
In happier worlds, on high.

HYMN XII.

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO BELIEVERS. 1 Peter, ii. 17.

I.

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

II.

Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

III.

Where'er I look, my wand'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd to thee?

IV.

Hast thou a rival in my breast?

Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If ought can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

V.

No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion, and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

VI.

When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy sweet glories shine;
And Death shall all his terrors lose
In raptures so divine.

HYMN XIII.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL. 1 Tim. i. 11.

I.

Now let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

II.

The spangled heavens thy power proclaim,
Earth echoes back thy mighty name;
Thy glory gilds returning days,
And nights, in silence, speak thy praise.

III.

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace:

IV.

There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold a Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

V.

There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

VI.

Hail, great Emanuel! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN XIV.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

John, xi. 26.

I.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
Thy praise shall still employ my tongue;
For ever will I make thy love
The pleasing burthen of my song.

II.

When, in the shades of gloomy night,
Opprest with dark despair I lay,
Thy grace upheld my fainting heart,
And chac'd my dismal fears away.

III.

Chear'd with thy light, the dreary vale
Loses its horror, and its gloom:
Thy grace can make e'en death to smile,
And spread a glory round my tomb.

IV.

Thou, King of Dread! my faith and hope
Above thine utmost malice soar:
O, Death! where is thy mighty sting?
Nor boast, O Grave, thy victory more.

V.

Thanks to thy name, thou God of Love!
To thee eternal thanks I give:
I'll still pursue the glorious theme,
Long as a deathless soul can live.

VI.

O! could I join those shining hosts,
And strike those golden harps above!
But I can never, never sing
In strains proportion'd to thy love.

HYMN XV.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT DESIRED.

I.

UP to thy seat, eternal God!

Now would my ardent passions soar;
Fain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

II.

Spirit of Peace, immortal Dove!

Here let thy gentle influence reign:
Come fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

III.

Descend with all thy sacred light.

Thine active zeal, thy joy sincere,
And Hope, in radiant glories bright,
Descend, and make thy dwelling here.

IV.

Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.

V.

Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, tho' in all his terrors drest;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

VI.

Come then, and bid my longing soul
To those celestial mansions soar,
Where endless years of pleasure roll,
Where Love and pious Hope adore.

HYMN XVI.

FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

I.

SEE, mighty God! before thy throne
Britons, with pious reverence, bow:
Our souls, with joy and wonder, own,
That Britain is thine Israel now.

II.

Around our coasts, by thy command,
The seas, a dreadful bulwark, roar;
Our strongest bulwark is thy hand;
Thy hand defends the favour'd shore.

III.

Thrice happy nation! where the Lord
The banners of his love displays,
Reveals the secrets of his word,
And gives the blessings of his grace.

IV.

In vain did Rome and Hell combine,
In vain the thickest shades of night;
Thine eye observ'd the dark design,
And brought their cruelty to light.

V.

This day, with double mercy crown'd,
Thy double honours shall proclaim;
And Britain, through her coasts, shall sound
The various glories of thy name.

VI.

Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we, with grateful hearts, adore;
Nor ever leave his chosen isle,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN XVII.

HEAVENLY TREASURES DESIRED. Mat. vi. 19 & 20.

I.

No, I will cleave to Earth no more,
No more her joys pursue;
My heart disdains the flattering snare,
And bids the world adieu.

II.

Farewell, vain World! to all thy blifs,
To all thy glittering store;
Thine airy dreams, thy specious charms,
Delude mine eyes no more.

III.

To nobler realms, my ardent hopes,
With sweet ambition, rise:
No thief can steal, no rust devour,
Nor moth corrupt my joys.

IV.

My soul, by power divine, secur'd
From every painful fear,
Shall see eternal ages roll,
And still be happy there.

V.

Fir'd with this glorious hope, I soar
Above terrestrial things;
Contemn the sordid miser's hoard,
And all the wealth of kings.

VI.

Father, my spirit longs to see
Thy blest abode on high:
Come, Death, and bear me to the place
Where all my treasures lie.

HYMN XVIII.

GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE. 2 Thes. ii. 16.

I.

COME, humble Souls, ye Mourners, come
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

II.

Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
The Saviour's dying love;
Soon you shall sing the glorious theme,
In loftier strains, above.

III.

God, the eternal mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

IV.

My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.

V.

Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

VI.

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

VII.

Transporting Hope! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal, and divine.

HYMN XIX.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

I.

GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thy hand, from which my being came.

II.

Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honours raise.

III.

To thee I raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And, 'midst unnumber'd deaths, I live.

IV.

He bids each season on my soul
Its sweetest, kindest influence shed;
And all the periods, as they roll,
Shower countless blessings on my head.

V.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

VI.

Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

HYMN XX.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John, x. 11.

I.

To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

II.

Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
A subject so divine!
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine!

III.

Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From the blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!

VI.

My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

V.

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd:
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

VI.

Nay, should I walk through Death's dark vale,
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

VII.

Lead on, my Shepherd! led by thee
No evil I shall fear;
Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

HYMN XXI.

FOR A FAST DAY IN TIME OF WAR.

I.

HARK! the loud trumpet of our God
Sounds an alarm of war:
Attend, O Earth! ye Nations, hear
And tremble from afar!

II.

With humble reverence, and with awe,
We hear the sacred word;
And, trembling, own the sentence just
Which dooms us to the sword.

III.

Not even in war would we repine
The murdering sword to view,
Might the same stroke that wastes the land
Destroy its vices too.

IV.

But we shall hail the happy day
Which ends the painful doom;
When earth shall, like the world above,
In peace and virtue bloom.

V.

Still let our songs declare his name,
Who guards the British race:
The God of justice we adore,
And bless the God of grace.

HYMN XXII.

FOR THE MORNING.

I.

STILL do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along:
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.

II.

Still do I feel my former health,
And fresh composure find,
And all the active powers of life,
In gentle ease refin'd.

III.

Lord, what is man, when lost in sleep,
All power of reasoning dies !
And yet from this defenceless state,
With new delight, I rise.

IV.

—But not defenceless, O, my soul !
Observe that gurdian hand
Which placed those watchful angels there,
There set the heavenly band.

V.

And does the King of Glory wake,
To guard my sleeping head ?
And shining seraphs pitch their tents
So near a mortal's bed ?

VI.

Great God of Hosts, accept the song;
I own the wondrous grace:
O may the guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days.

VII.

'Tis theirs alone such bliss to know,
Who do their Father's will:
Resolve, my Soul, and, sin subdu'd,
Defy each mortal ill.

VIII.

This day shall every hour correct
The follies of the past;
And such shall all its actions be,
As would adorn the last.

HYMN XXIII.

FOR THE EVENING.

I.

STAY, stay, my lab'ring Powers, awake,
To praise awhile your God;
The God who rules the lightsome day,
And spreads these shades abroad:

II.

The hand which fills my daily cup,
And gives my daily bread,
Preserves my evening comforts too,
And makes my nightly bed.

III.

Past, O my Soul, for ever past
Is an important day;
Its sorrows and its joys are gone,
The serious and the gay.

IV.

And life itself, that chequer'd scene,
Dies with the morning flow'r;
Each scheme dissolv'd, and every thought
Shall perish in an hour.

V.

This night, perhaps, the hand of Death
May snatch my soul away,
And send it to the shades of woe,
Or to eternal day.

VI.

My Soul, or meditate the dread,
Or oh! indulge the joy;
And let the praise of love divine
Thy sweetest thoughts employ.

VII.

'Tis this which cheers my midnight hours,
And dissipates the gloom;
Adds a fresh lustre to the light,
And glory to the tomb.

VIII.

Thus, while I feel my heaven-born soul
To its own mansions soar,
Fearless I give my eyes to sleep,
Tho' I should wake no more.

HYMN XXIV.

VIRTUE THE SOURCE OF PEACE.

I.

FORSAKE, my Soul, the tents of Sin;
How false her joys appear;
Noise and confusion dwell within;
Peace is a stranger there.

II.

Peace never fix'd her sacred throne
So near the gates of Hell;
She reigns in pious breasts alone,
Where heavenly virtues dwell.

III.

The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share;
Or, if he lifts his chaf'ning rod,
'Tis with a father's care.

IV.

His mighty power shall guard the just;
His wisdom points their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust;
His hand revive their clay.

V.

Begin, ye Saints, the joyful task;
His praise employ your tongue;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

HYMN XXV.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS AND DEATH.

I.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of Death
Its fatal sceptre shews;
And nature faints, beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

III.

The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my Soul,
On nature's God to trust.

IV.

The man whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
From every frown may draw a joy,
And kifs the chaf't'ning rod.

V.

Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with compofure dies.

THE END.

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